Beloved

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Beloved

by Personifiedthrowup

Summary

After Will's car breaks down in the middle of the rain while on his way to Dr. Lecter's office, he has to walk the last few miles of his trip in the cold rain to explain himself to Dr. Lecter and perhaps find a way to call a cab.
Hannibal is understanding and helpful. He saw Will in a miserable state and felt nothing but an uncommon feeling of pity. Hannibal invited Will to his home, allowed him to Bathe in bubbles, borrow his clothes, and even cooked Will dinner. Hannibal Lecter discovered the odd pleasures he gets from seeing a spoiled Will Graham. This night of spoiling Will transitions into Hannibal spoiling Will more and more whenever possible, which spirals into something romantic…and erotic.

Notes

Hello!
I hope you enjoyed this first chapter. I fully intend on making this multiple chapters, I'm already working on a chapter two.I have a good idea of where chapter three and the rest of the story is going. I hope you'll enjoyed this enough to stick around for it. I haven't attempted to write a serious fic in a while and would appreciate any feedback!
I'll update soon!!

strawberry-scented bubbles

Will arrived at Hannibal Lecter's air-conditioned waiting room in waterlogged clothes. He had just gotten out of an awful experience involving the pouring rain and a faulty car engine. He looked down at his clock as he made his way to Hannibal's office, 8:30...Dr. Lecter would be upset over his lateness. Will knocked on Dr. Lecter's door with hopes of understanding from the psychiatrist which he usually meets at 7:30 sharp.
Dr. Lecter opens the door with slight annoyance on his face, he probably thinks he's doing a good job at hiding his bitterness. He wouldn't be wrong but Will could look through the evasion of true emotion on Hannibal's face.
But that look of annoyance is soon replaced with a true look of commiseration, Will keeps hoping Hannibal won't hold the accidental insolence against him. Maybe the compassion will keep him from having to hear an earful over being late.
Dr. Lecter opens his mouth to say something but quickly closes it again. Taking a few more seconds to think over his words. Then he opens it again with a curious look on his face.

"Not to be presumptuous but what happened to you, Will?" He says while moving to the side to allow Will into the much warmer office.

Will was surprised Hannibal would even let Will into his office. Surely Will would ruin the pristine wooden floor. Will couldn't allow himself to overthink, far too cold to care. He walked into the comforting space without protest.

"When I was on my way here my engine stopped working, so I had to push it out of the middle of the road and look at it out in the rain."

Will shivered in place, too scared to sit on Hannibal's overpriced furniture in his wet garments. But as soon as Hannibal noticed this he put his hand on Will's back and led him to his usual seat.

"I'm soaked, I'll ruin your furniture…"

"Things can be replaced Will, your comfort is more important than a chair."

Will couldn't help but feel pity for Hannibal's hospitality. Will showed up late and Hannibal had been waiting for Will this whole time expecting Will to be above standing someone up. It wasn't Will's fault but he felt that he shouldn't be treated as kindly as he currently was.

"I'm sorry I'm so late you must've been upset, it's ok if you still are…"

"I wasn't upset, I was worried. It isn't like you to be untimely." Hannibal grabbed his coat from his desk chair and enveloped Will in it.

"Isn't your coat expensive too?... I'm ok really, I just need to call a cab to get home."

"Wait, your car never started up again? How did you get here Will?"

“I um...I walked..my phone lost its reception due to the harsh weather, so I couldn’t call you or a cab.”

Hannibal sighed and got two glasses of wine from a cabinet near his desk. He also grabbed a tall bottle of overpriced wine.

“ You cannot get into a cab in drenched clothes, it's a long drive and you'll get sick.”

“Well, there’s not much I can do about that. Can I borrow your phone? I think I left mine in the car.”

“My house isn't far from here, I could let you shower and give you a change of clothes if you’d allow me to.” Hannibal paused and looked at will shivering, grasping at Hannibal's coat in hopes of it providing warmth.

“Please Will...I insist.” Will nodded his head whilst he trembled in place now getting up from the water-damaged leather.

“What if I ruin your car seat?...”

“I’m sure I can put the coat over the seat. I already told you your well-being should be prioritized over material things.”

“Ok, but I warned you.”

Will's chest felt lighter knowing he wouldn't have to deal with getting an overpriced ride back to Wolf trap. Sure Dr. Lecter was probably just trying to be courteous to keep up his pretentious persona but Will still appreciated it.

Will entered Dr. Lecter’s home, now somewhat dry but still freezing. Hannibal took Wills' coat and put his hand on the back of Will's back to lead them into the dining room. Dr. Lecter pulled a chair out for will to sit on and then said-

“Wait here whilst I draw you a bath, I hope you don't mind using my products.”

“ A bath..?” Will says tilting his head in the same manner as one of his dogs, Hannibal smiles at this.

“Sorry I assumed you’d be ok with taking a bath, you need it after the stressful evening you’ve endured.”

“It's ok really I can just take a shower and quickly get out of your hair-“

“Will, are you against a bath because you wouldn’t enjoy it?” Hannibal says still slightly smirking.

“No, a bath is lovely but I wouldn't-“

Hannibal cut Will off again.

“Then there is no reason to deny yourself the pleasure of a bath. Please, I insist.”

Will took a couple of seconds to think it over to himself, but Hannibal already knew what the answers would be.

“Ok...Only because you insisted.”

“I’ll go get that bath ready.”

A few minutes later Will hears Hannibal call him up to the bathroom. The sound of Hannibal's enticing voice is what leads Will into a glamorous bathroom. There was a spacious bathtub in the large room. The bath was filled with bubbles that smelt of expensive products Will had no experience with. At the corner of the steep tub there was a tall glass of wine, most likely too expensive for Will. There was a nicely sized window behind the bath with a breathtaking view of the dark forest, the corners had black curtains with golden details throughout the expensive cloth held by tie-backs on the corners of the window. The room was only illuminated by soft yellow lights that kept the room somewhat dark and cozy.

“Wow um...this is a lot,” Will said as he stepped closer to Hannibal who was sitting on the corner of the bathtub putting his hand into the water to check on its temperature.

“Is it not to your liking?..” Hannibal said this with a slight frown on his face.

“No, no this is amazing. I’m just sorry I made you go through the trouble of doing all of this for me.”

Hannibal's frown grew a bit more.

“Oh Will you're too courteous. This is nothing to feel guilty about, just allow yourself to enjoy a bath.”

“I- I get that but I still feel bad about taking up your evening and making you do all this for me.”

Hannibal got up and made his way to Will, inviting himself to let his hand wander up to Will's face. He softly cupped Will's cold scruffy cheek.

“You’ve made me do nothing. This is something I wanted to do for you, Will. The only thing you could do to trouble me is keeping yourself from enjoying the things I do for you.”

Will's senses felt at peace as soon as Hannibal had touched his face. His mind felt foggy and all he could focus on was the large comforting hand softly caressing its thumb on Will's cheek. He slightly leaned into the touch.

Why was he so overwhelmed by such a small form of comfort…Why did he consider Hannibal's touch to be comforting in the first place..?

“O-ok…”

“Great, I'll leave you to it. Take as long as you need, there’s wine for you on the edge of the tub.”

His hand fell from the younger man's face and he then made his way out of the spacious bathroom.

Will let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding in. He looked more to the night view outside. The stars were gorgeous tonight…

Will undressed and felt his bare feet touch the floor, expecting to be met with the feeling of cold tile...But he’s met with the pleasant feeling of heated floors instead.

He allows himself to sink into warm bubbles and lets out a peaceful sigh. Once he’s settled into the bath he allows himself to indulge his taste buds with the taste of overpriced wine.

He doesn’t think he deserves this. He was late, ruined Hannibal's furniture, and probably damaged his wooden floor too. Now he was taking up Dr. Lecter's evening too. He felt so tired and overwhelmed due to the unfortunate evening he had experienced and the warmth of what seemed like strawberry-scented bubbles was overtaking his senses.

Will ended up dozing off due to the comforting nature of the situation he was in. He was woken up later by a deep voice calling his name.

“Will, it isn't safe to sleep in the middle of a bath. You could drown if you’re not careful..”

“W-what..?” Will opened heavy eyelids to be met with Hannibal Lecter looking down at him with a soft look of concern on his face.

“You fell asleep. I only came in because you wouldn’t respond to my knocking on the door to give you a robe and towel, I had forgotten to give these to you earlier. My apologies for the intrusion, I was worried.”

Hannibal held two fluffy bath towels and an even softer-looking robe.

“I’m SO sorry I didn't mean to fall asleep” Will let his hand travel up to his forehead, already feeling the ache of a migraine forming.

“No need to apologize, you must’ve been exhausted.” Said Hannibal as he set the toiletries on the large marble sink not too far from the tub.

“How long was I out for…?” Will looked outside at the forest, it seemed like it had gotten even darker.

“About an hour, it's a quarter past ten”

Will let out an embarrassed groan.

“I’m so sorry, I’ll call a cab and go. I’m sure my clothes are dry enough by now.”

“Will, no. You shouldn’t get in a cab this late. Plus I took the liberty of putting your clothes into my laundry machine, they should take another couple of minutes plus drying. Sorry I didn't ask for your approval.”

“It's ok, it's just...why are you being so accommodating? I feel like I’ve been doing nothing but bothering you since 7:30. It would be justified if you threw me out of your home, I’m surprised you allowed me into your home in the first place.”

“Will you need to stop being so self-deprecating and become more self-serving. You did nothing wrong, you didn't mean to be late and your car troubles aren’t your fault. Plus I can’t be mad at you for having to endure the rain, none of it is your fault.”

“...Thank you” Will straightened his back and looked up at Hannibal from the now lukewarm water with true gratitude in his eyes.

Hannibal's eyes slightly widened. The bubbles had mostly dissolved into the water and left most of Will's skin showing. Hannibal hadn’t noticed this when he first entered the bathroom due to being genuinely worried about Will's well-being. Now that his attention isn’t preoccupied with that...it is preoccupied with something else. His eyes slowly and discreetly skimmed over Will's body. Will was slightly built and his skin was pale. He looked delicate...like something to be looked after and cherished.

“Oh..Um...May I get dressed?” Hannibal was taken out of his daze, a flushed Will, covering his parts with his hands as wet curls stuck to his forehead.

“Yes, of course, I'll leave garments for you to wear in the guest room down the hall. Once you're dressed feel free to join me downstairs.”

Hannibal gathered himself and left the bathroom slightly embarrassed. What had gotten into him? He was usually composed and well calculated. Hannibal knew he had feelings for Will that went above acquaintances. His intrigue for Will was apparent from the moment he saw the curly-haired man enter Jack Crawford's office. This intrigue developed into an interest beyond initial curiosity. Will Graham found a way to fully capture Hannibal Lecter’s attention and Hannibal was slowly growing obsessed with the profiler's presence. He didn't think it would get to the point where he’d let his guard down and do something as careless as ‘checking Will out’. This felt beyond platonic or manipulative...this was genuine fondness.

———————————————————————————-

Will entered Hannibal's dining room wearing a soft burgundy V-neck sweater and loose black PJ pants. It fit his form loosely, with the sleeves overlapping and covering his hands, and the pants falling loosely off his hips with nothing but its drawstrings keeping them settled on his hip. Hannibal had picked these clothes out but could’ve never predicted how much joy he’d get out of seeing Will engulfed in his expensive garments.

“Hello Will, I hope those clothes are to your liking...Sorry I don't have anything smaller for you to wear.”

“No, they're nice, I don't think I’ve ever felt such soft cloth in my life,” Will said with a chuckle.

“I’m glad their quality is up to par, please take a seat.”

Hannibal said while setting down a small plate on the table.

“I made you a small meal, I figured you must have missed Dinner.”

Will sat down and stared at the plate of what he identified as a fancy-looking sandwich, which is mellow compared to Hannibal's usual meals.

“I’m sorry I didn't have the time to make you anything better, I hope you enjoy it nonetheless”

“Wow um..thank you. I don't know how I’ll repay you for everything you’ve done tonight.” Will said with his eyes slightly widened. He wasn't used to this gentle treatment...but he liked it.

Hannibal went and fetched two wine glasses along with a fancy glass of wine.

“You could repay me by enjoying your meal and having a glass of wine with me.”

Hannibal had a slight smile on his face as he started to pour the two glasses of wine, despite not getting an answer yet...Because Hannibal knew Will would say yes.

“Umm sure yea..”

Hannibal handed Will his glass and then sat next to him with his own. He watched him enjoy the meal and wine just as he had requested of him. Hannibal surprisingly liked seeing Will in this comfortable indulgent state. He enjoyed seeing him smile and laugh without the stresses of his job or those around him. He liked seeing him spoiled.

Hannibal had found a new objective.

Intimate boundaries.

Chapter Summary

Will doesn't wake up feeling too well after the previous nights shenanigans, but Hannibal in here to be comforting and help.

Chapter Notes

Hello again!
I was hoping to publish this yesterday but couldnt find the time to write, so it had to be a bit delayed until now. I don't have an uploading schedule (yet), but I promise to try and post at least one chapter a week.
Thank you for all the support on the first chapter! The kind comments and the kudos were extremely motivating, so thank you!
I hope you enjoy this chapter and your fed-back is always appreciated!
XOXO

Will woke up surrounded by warm blankets smelling of lavender, Hannibal probably uses some fancy laundry detergent... He probably doesn't wash his own clothes. Will had the best rest he's ever had, no nightmares, no night sweats, perfect uninterrupted sleep. He looked at the clock on the wooden bedside table. It was 7:30 am... Of course, his short morning peace had to be interrupted by the fact that he was supposed to be feeding his dogs at this time. He quickly got out of bed to run to the bathroom and look for his clothes, but as soon as his feet hit the ground, a sharp pain hit his feet.

"FUCK!" Will yelled out due to the pain on impulse.

He instantly winced, not only because of the pain, but also because of the realization that he had just screamed a profanity in the middle of Dr Lecter's home. He felt
instant thumping from his head, a migraine this early in the morning... How convenient.
Will heard fast footsteps heading towards his direction, then he saw his door swing open.
"Will, darling, are you alright?"

Darling?

Will did not question the endearing nature of being called darling, he also didn't question the fact that Hannibal Lecter had just called him something that can be seen under a romantic context. Instead, he chose to quickly sit back down on the bed and grabbed his aching foot for self inspection. It was red and bruised in dark purple tones in certain areas.

“Sorry for screaming, I didn't mean to scare you... I’m just really late for-" Will was interrupted by a loud cough forcing its way out of his own system.

“Sorry- *cough* I’m just la- *cough*”

“Oh, Will, all that walking must’ve damaged your feet last night. I’m sure your work shoes weren’t designed for such an activity.”

Will kept coughing as Hannibal talked to him in a soft, endearing tone.

“Seems like you also caught a cold, just as I predicted…” Hannibal said with a frown before making his way to one of the nightstands drawers and taking out a small first-aid kit.

He kneeled in front of will and started to open the kit in search of some pain relief ointment and bandages.

Will cleared his throat.

“ Dr Lecter I’m alright, I’m just late t-“

“You cannot clock leave in such an ill state. You have a cold and can’t even stand, please allow me to take care of you today.” Hannibal squeezed the lotion out of its small container and started to rub it on his hands.

“But my dogs-“

“I can call Alana and ask her to feed and walk them today, also you can call me Hannibal. We are outside a professional setting, you should feel free to address me casually.”

Hannibal started to rub the cream into Will's aching skin. He did it softly but efficiently, showing nothing but care in his touch.

“Hannibal… I can’t ask you to take care of me. I’m sure your weekends are busy”

Dr Lector smiled at Will, the kind of smile you give to someone worth pitying.

“Will, you are more important than anything I could possibly have planned for today…”

Hannibal saw the look of shock that took over Will's face after the impulsive words escaped his mind and forced themselves out of his own mouth, he quickly backtracked.

“I mean, your health is more important than anything I have planned today, please indulge me and allow me to take care of you.”

By now, Hannibal had started wrapping Will's foot in a white band-aid.

“O-ok yea. I’ll call Alana myself and say something has come up, the dogs must be starving…”

“I’m sure she’s close enough to make it in time, don't worry, darling.”

Will felt flushed, why did he keep calling him that…

“Dr. Le-“ He stammered over his words. “ I mean Hannibal… Why do you keep calling me darling? Is it a Lithuanian thing…?” Will felt silly mentioning it, but he knew it would be eating at his brain all day if he didn't get an explanation for the nickname he had suddenly gained.

Hannibal chuckled as he finished bandaging the last foot.

“It is not a ‘Lithuanian thing’, I just find myself thinking of you as a darling person…”

“As a beloved person?...” Will said with a small laugh while he looked down at the man healing his wounds. Curls falling around his forehead and framing his face.

“Would you be outraged if I saw you as beloved?...my beloved.” Hannibal said with a straight face.

He knew this was forward and could perhaps have a bad effect on the way Will views him, or maybe it’d cause a positive reaction. He was curious enough about the effect of such words on Will, so he took the risk.

“I don't think I’d mind... But I don't think I would believe such words from you. I’m nothing worth being beloved, especially not by someone as prestigious as you.”

Hannibal frowned. Who could’ve given Will the impression that he was not worth being loved, cherished, beloved… He wanted to make a fine feast out of whomever had put such an idea into Will's beautiful mind, then feed the feast to Will for him to enjoy and savor. Make those who put Will down into something that brought enrichment to the younger’s taste buds. He would give meaning to useless, rude lives that served no purpose and merely wasted space Will could’ve occupied instead. He wanted to watch those blue eyes roll back in delight at the taste of those beneath him…

Hannibal sighed.

“Where is this self-deprecation coming from, Will?... You shouldn’t be so hard on yourself.” Hannibal got up from where he kneeled and stood up.

“I’m not used to the treatment you're subjecting me to. I cannot justify it from your point of view, so I might be unconsciously trying to talk you out of continuing this lavish treatment towards me.” Will said, picking his brain apart out loud.

Hannibal looked down at Will, who still sat on the bed, looking up into the older man's eyes. Will's messy curls laid over his forehead. Some curls slightly covered his cold blue eyes. Hannibal brushed these curls away behind Will's ear. Then he laid his palm on Will’s warm forehead. Hannibal frowned.

“I should get a thermometer and perhaps start breakfast. I suggest you call Alana as soon as possible.”

Hannibal’s hand made its way down to Will's cheek and softly cradled the other's face.

Oh, god... Will felt that comforting fogginess clouding his brain again. Hannibal's touch was inexplicably addicting, but Will didn't want to dissect why Hannibal's touch had so much power over him. It was too early for that, his brain was already preoccupied with thinking about the pain on his feet and his morning migraine hitting him like a bag of bricks.

“Yea I’ll call…”

“Great, I'll leave you to it then.”

Hannibal's hand left Will's face before he made his way out of the guest room. Will then searched for his phone on his bed, hoping he wouldn't be questioned too much by Alana.

He dialed the number and had his call quickly answered after two rings.

“Will, what’s the occasion for such an early call?” Alana said without a trace of resentment or disapproval in her voice.

"I'm sorry, but I was hoping you could drop by my house because I won't be home for a bit and the dogs need to be fed and walked. It's fine if you can't help because of short notice, but I'd appreciate it." Will scrutinized his bandaged foot while holding the phone to his ear.

Hannibal had done a great job with the bandaging. It had been wrapped up with obvious care, just as you’d expect from Hannibal Lecter.

“Yea, I’m sure I could stop by, but why won't you be home soon?” Will rolled his eyes at Alana's inquiry.

“It's a long story, but I stayed over at someone’s house and I didn't wake up feeling too good.” Will didn't feel like telling Alana anything he didn't have to. She didn't have to know every detail.

“Do I know this mystery person...?” Alana said with skepticism in her voice.

Will didn't want to explain the whole story, but Alana kept looking for answers. Will didn't want to lie to her either, she was offering to help him after all.

“I stayed at Hannibal's home”

“Why would you stay there? Isn't having a sleepover with your therapist unprofessional…” She said with a laugh.

“It was circumstantial, so he offered to let me stay over. Hannibal wants me to stick around longer because those circumstances did not leave me feeling too good. I don't want to get into it…”

“You don't think that's crossing boundaries?” Alana said with some irritation in her voice.

Will's eyes slightly widened, but she kept going.

“I don't think it's professional for you to start having sleepovers with your therapist in any ‘circumstances’. What would Jack Crawford think about this?“

Will's migraine was growing, and this conversation was going in an odd direction.

“Jack Crawford's opinions on what I do on my own time is not something I’d concern myself with. Hannibal Lecter is not my official therapist, I’m allowed to spend my time with whoever I deem fit. I’m sorry if that makes you uncomfortable.”

“It doesn't make me uncomfortable per se... I just don't think it’s appropriate “

“Alana, he isn't my therapist, not officially. If this makes you uncomfortable, then I'll just call someone else instead. Sorry to bother you.”

“No no, it's fine, I can check on the dogs. I didn't mean to be intrusive…”

Will and Alana were both silent. This whole conversation was beyond odd. Why would Alana be so passionate about what boundaries Will is allowed to cross with Hannibal Lecter? Why did she feel like she had the authority to dictate who Will spends his time with? It all seemed so unlike her, and his growing migraine wasn’t helping him understand the whole thing.

Alana's voice disrupted the awful tension.

“Well umm, I'll stop by now and call you when I stop by again later….bye” Alana then abruptly hung up the phone.

Will slowly sauntered down the stairs, trying to keep his pain to a minimum by taking his time. He saw Hannibal hunched by his kitchen table-top. Slicing fruits into perfect squares.

“Is there anything I can help with?” Will said as he entered Hannibal’s field of view.

“You could go sit down and tell me about your conversation with Ms Bloom.” Hannibal said with a soft smile, still chopping with perfect precision.

“She agreed to walk the dogs, but couldn’t help herself from asking questions.” Will sat down in front of the kitchen counter, not far from Dr. Lecter.

“Ms Bloom loves inquiring, what was she curious about this time?”

“She wanted to know whose house I stayed at last night. Once I gave in and told her, she questioned the circumstances that led me to sleep over at your home. “

Hannibal quirked a brow at this.

“Did you explain last night's circumstances to her?”

“No…I like to keep some things to myself, believe it or not. I just told her it was circumstantial, the way she reacted was odd.”

“How so?”

“She acted like I had crossed a major boundary by sleeping over at your home. I don’t know why she thinks she can have an input on who I spend my time with after work…”

“Perhaps she’s jealous.” Hannibal said with hidden amusement.

“Because I got to spend the night with you…?”

Hannibal chuckled.

“Perhaps she's jealous because I got to spend the night with you.”

Will laughed.

“Why would she be envious of who I spend my time with?” Will said in complete oblivion.

“Perhaps she enjoys your company more than you thought. I’m sure she didn't mean to be rude, you know how assertive Ms Bloom is, it's a remarkable quality”

Will laughed, Hannibal was basically calling Alana overly opinionated in the kindest way possible.

“She would avoid being alone in a room with me not too long ago, I doubt she’s envious of those who get to be around me.”

“Perhaps she’s had a change of heart.” Hannibal was now placing the fruits into bowls.

“Perhaps…” Will said as he watched Hannibal turn around to get something off the stove.

Will wasn't completely obtuse, he understood what Hannibal was insinuating. He knew that Hannibal Lecter was suggesting that Alana Bloom had a romantic interest in him. But if Alana Bloom was jealous of Will being around Hannibal Lecter, then that meant that Alana Bloom saw a sleepover with Hannibal under a romantic context. Will hadn’t thought about that the night before when he was invited to Dr Lecter's home. He never saw the situation under a romantic pretense, he’d never thought of Hannibal Lecter under a romantic context...but after being called ‘darling’ and being treated graciously, it was only rational to start thinking about the intimate nature of their relationship. Will had never found psychiatrists to be comforting, but Hannibal Lecter had managed to become one of the few people who could effectively solace Will. Dr Lecter was the only person Will could truly talk to. Will could open up to Hannibal Lecter without a second thought, and that wasn’t something he was accustomed to. When he truly thought about it, Hannibal Lecter was the person he was the closest to…

“I've made protein scramble again, since you seemed to have enjoyed it last time. I also chopped up some fruit and made some freshly brewed coffee.” Hannibal put a bowl of fruit, a plate of the protein scramble, and a white mug full of hot coffee in front of Will

“Thank you…” Will raised the coffee up to his lips.

“You seemed lost in thought before I interrupted, care to share?” Hannibal said, grabbing his own bowl of meat and egg.

“If Alana was jealous of you...wouldn't that mean that she saw you as a romantic competitor?” It wasn't exactly what Will was thinking before, but it’s what had led to the brief mind spiral he went on about the intimacy between him and Hannibal Lecter.

“Is me being seen as capable of intimacy with others an uncanny thought?”

Hannibal knew what Will was truly asking, but he wanted Will to be completely transparent in his questioning. So he faked a small bit of ignorance.

“You know that's not what I’m asking... Does Alana think you're interested in me beyond a platonic relationship?” Will was staring straight down at his food, too embarrassed to look Hannibal straight in the eyes. “Yes, I think she does...and she wouldn’t be wrong” Hannibal looked straight at Will, awaiting confrontation.

Hannibal Lecter knew what he wanted out of this relationship. He didn't know why, but he knew that Will Graham had slowly become one of the many delights he wished to enjoy. He knew this enjoyment was beyond platonic, and he was not only determined to figure out why he felt this way, but also determined to enjoy the new feeling. Last night's events had awoken something in Hannibal Lecter, he has never known someone as intriguing as Will, he wasn't going to let this intrigue bypass him so easily. So he was going to be translucent in his new-found motivations.

“Are you insinuating that you have romantic feelings for me, Dr Lecter..?” Will thought this must be a joke. Why would Dr Lecter suddenly find romantic interest in Will? It was all so sudden and obscure.

“I have an interest in you Will, and I wish to keep exploring that over better circumstances than last night's misfortunes.”

“I don't understand… I already go to therapy sessions with you on a daily basis. I don't know where else you would explore this vague curiosity.”

“ I must’ve been unclear in my intentions then. Will I find you severely charming. I haven’t been able to keep you out of my thoughts since the moment I met you in Jack Crawford's office. I would like to look further into this charm of yours. Perhaps we could go out together soon…”

“I hope you're not trying to dissect my thoughts like I’m some sort of lab rat like everyone else... You make it sound like you want to investigate my brain.”

“No, I just want to know more about you outside a professional setting. You're not just something to be analyzed. Your charms go beyond that ‘professional curiosity’. I just want to enjoy your presence.. If you’d allow me.”

Wills shoulders dropped

“Oh...um sure. Like a date?...” Will held his breath while he waited for a response.

“Yes, Will, like a date.” Hannibal said with a smile.

Will finally looked Hannibal in the eyes. Hannibal Lecter had just asked him out on a date, and he couldn't believe it. He’d only thought about it a few moments ago, but he understood that he and Hannibal Lecter had already crossed a barrier between a professional relationship and an intimate relationship. Hannibal already knew some darker corners of Will's mind and seemed indifferent to them, they worked in the same field and could relate to each other, Hannibal was kind, smart and a good cook,

They understood each other.

Why would Will decline?

“Sure...I’m free tomorrow…”

transparency

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal wants Alana Bloom to know how nonexistent her chances with Will Graham are.(there will be a lot of jealous Alana Bloom in this chapter.)

Chapter Notes

> Sorry if this was a weirdly late update, I've been trying to figure out a schedule and have also been a bit busy. I'm going to start updating on Mondays and Thursdays, anyway hope you enjoy!(˘ ³˘)♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

♥♡♥

Hannibal Lecter and Will burned through the majority of the day together. Will stayed at Dr Lecter's home and kept the other company. They went through the day having little discussions while Hannibal did things like compose music, cook, and rummage around his home library. Will followed Hannibal along the entire time, paying attention to his ramblings on how to perfectly butcher meat, his inspiration while composing and the various books he kept at his home. They talked non-stop and time seemed to have flown by. It was now 6:30 PM, Will was being driven home in Hannibal's impeccable Bentley. They had finally fallen into a comfortable silence after the consistent discussions they had humored each other in over the course of the day.

The vehicle was warm and comforting. Hannibal played delicate traditional songs on the vehicle's radio, filling the ambience with a delicate tune, Will couldn't resist the opportunity to appreciate the peacefulness of it all.

Hannibal looked easygoing today, relaxed contrasted with his typical clothing. He wore a white button down with his sleeves moved up to his elbows. He wore his standard slacks with shoes that were presumably made of Italian leather. Will wore the now washed and cleaned pants he had worn while he was out in the downpour, however he kept the burgundy sweater that was lent to him, which Hannibal demanded he kept after Will mentioned how comfortable he felt in it. He wore his green coat over the ensemble.

Will wanted to remain in this moment , wishing to carry on a life of perpetual resonant violins through Hannibal's Radio, but that fantasy shattered when he realized he was currently being driven into his driveway.

Will let out an annoyed sigh when he saw Alana Bloom sitting on his patio with his beloved canines. She sat on the porch steps and waved towards the vehicle.

Will was scared of seeing Alana after the odd showdown they had that morning. He was hoping she wouldn't mention her views on his and Hannibal's relationship again, but Alana never held her tongue, so Will wasn't counting on it.
Hannibal put the car to a stop and quickly got out, he walked over to the passenger side and opened the door for Will. Hannibal held his hand out for Will to take. Will looked surprised for a moment at the gesture before he composed himself and grabbed Hannibal's hand.

He left the vehicle's soothing air and ventured into the cold spring atmosphere. He somewhat shuddered, his jacket wasn't made for cold climates, but it was efficient if he wore multiple layers underneath it.

Hannibal grinned, still clutching Will's hand, he ran his free hand through Will's dark curls without asking for permission, Will could not have possibly denied him even if Hannibal had asked for Will's input.

" I hope you've enjoyed our time together as much as I have." Hannibal's smile was soft and welcoming.

Will reciprocated the smile.

"I did, time flies by with you, Hannibal…"

Will wasn't saying this for the sake of being polite, he truly felt this way. Will had never been around a person who he could be so open with without feeling cross-examined. Their conversations felt light, despite the topic of discussion being something heavy like homicide or profound philosophical thoughts.

Will was tired of understanding everyone but not having anyone understand him.

Hannibal was the only person that understood. He comprehended Will without attempting to examine and take apart his brain and its short-comings. They comprehended each other on a level that exceeded the need for cross-examination. Time always flew by when they talked so seamlessly.

"Being with you is like allowing my mind to go on vacation, your presence is addicting Hannibal"

Hannibal's smile grew further due to Will's sudden transparency. His free hand now cupped Will's cheek. Touching Will's face was starting to become a pleasurable habit for the psychiatrist.

Hannibal's touch was intoxicating. Will was losing himself in it, permitting that fogginess he was becoming familiar with to indulge his senses. It made him fail to remember that Alana was not far away, watching the interaction between him and Hannibal Lecter.

"I hope I'm not the only one becoming unfiltered in our interactions... No need for professional behavior outside of professional situations right 'Dr Lecter'." Will said with a smile, soft eyes looking up at Hannibal with playful admiration.

“I’ve always been unfiltered with you Will…” Hannibal's thumb rubbed back and forth on Will's jaw.

Will leaned into the touch.

“Well I look forward to seeing you on Saturday, I’ll pick you up at twelve” Hannibal said this loudly. Not loud enough for it to be considered ’screaming’ but loud enough for Ms Bloom to clearly hear it.

Hannibal's smile dropped as his eyes moved away from Will and towards Alana, who had a combination of shock and disarray in her eyes. She was hearing the whole exchange... Just as Hannibal had planned.

Dr Lecter doesn't consider himself to be a jealous individual, however Alana's possessiveness over something that wasn't hers had made him marginally bothered. He wasn't bothered to the point of stuffing her in his freezer, however he was annoyed to the point of showing her what wasn't hers...only briefly.
He flaunted who he would soon call his to show her how nonexistent her chance’s with Will are, maybe that'd let her down softly. It was softer than a hit to her head and a place on his table.

Seeing her distraught made Hannibal’s smile return to his face.

Will saw Hannibal's slight shift in attention and turned his head to see what had made Hannibal so entertained.

Will's eyes widened.

He saw Alana Bloom, now standing tall by the porch steps. Her mouth was slightly gape and her eyes were riddled with nothing but discontentment. Her eyes darted between Will, Hannibal, and the hand that still rested on Will's sharp jaw.

Hannibal's hand moved down to Will's shoulder before he said-

“Don't you know it's rude to eavesdrop, Ms Bloom?” Hannibal disguised his smile and displayed a curious look instead.

“What exactly am I eavesdropping on, Dr Lecter?” Alana's skeptical face tilted to the side as she crossed her arms, ready for confrontation.

“A conversation you walked closer to hear.” Hannibal said this, holding back a mischievous smile.

Alana did not confirm nor deny this. Instead, she shifted her disapproving gaze towards Will.

Will created some small distance between Hannibal, their fingers still intertwined with one another.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, let me talk to Alana…”

Hannibal looked into Will's eyes, then back at Alana.

"I'll be alright, thank you for all that you've done today...and yesterday" Will said grinning, holding on to Hannibal's large hand.

“Don't thank me for anything, but please do call me after Ms Bloom leaves. I want to hear what she’ll say, unless you’d rather keep it to yourself.” Hannibal spoke in a hushed tone.

“I’ll call you as soon as I can. Be sure to drive safely.”

Hannibal brought Will’s pale hand up to his lips and kissed the back of it

“Goodnight Will”

He let go of Will’s hand and made his way to the driver side of his Bentley.

Will was flushed as he watched Hannibal drive away with a grin on his face. Once Hannibal was out of sight, Will looked up to see an even angrier Alana.

“I cannot believe you!” She screamed out as he made his way towards his front door. He was stopped by the pack of dogs running over to him in excitement. He opened the front door and went inside with them, Alana following behind Will.

“He kissed your hand! What was that!?”

Will turned around to look into her eyes with pity plaguing his mind. She stopped her yelling and simply looked at him with a frown on her face.

“ We spent some time together, Alana, what’s so wrong about that?”

His tone was soft compared to hers.

“He’s your psychiatrist! That’s what’s wrong with that!”

“You know he’s not. You also know I’m a private person and would rather not have someone interrogate me about who I spend time with”

Alana's eyes dropped to the floor, Will felt the guilt overtaking her consciousness.

“Why is he picking you up tomorrow…?” She held her breath after asking the, once again, intrusive question.

“He asked me on a date. I said yes.”

An awkward silence fell over them after he freely gave up the overwhelming information.

“Sorry I called you over to help with the dogs, next time I'll call Beverly….”

Alana remained silent.

“It's getting late, I think you should go.”

Alana looked up from the floor and into Will's eyes.

"Yea, goodnight Will." She grabbed her purse from Will couch and swiftly made her way through the front door, slamming it on her way out.

Will let out a sigh, then reached for his phone to call Hannibal.
♥♡♥

Will's next morning was filled with anticipation. He woke up bright and early,due to a nightmare, but nonetheless early. He took the dogs out and got himself ready by 11:30. Furthermore, he planned to spend the spare minutes he had until 12 relaxing, but the prospect of some time of relaxation was broken by the sounds of his phone ringing. Will looked at his screen to see the name-
Beverly Katz
Brightly displayed on his screen. He pondered between not answering the call and opting to pretend he didn't answer because he was asleep, or surrendering a couple of seconds of his rare tranquility.
Will sighed and did the latter.

Beverly's voice was noisily projected through his telephone's speakers when he picked up the call.

"Holy shit, what did you do, Graham?!" Beverly sounded entertained and very inquisitive.

"I don't have the foggiest idea, you tell me…" Will was at that point searching for his container of ibuprofen, prepared to pop the pills like candy.

"Well according to Alana, you and Dr Lecter are totally fucking!" Beverly said enthusiastically.

"What?!" Aspirin wasn't going to save him from the migraine this conversation would cause him.

"She called me and told me you and Dr Lecter were acting like some PDA loving couple right in front of her, then she went on this tangent about why it was so wrong and blah blah blah-"

Will knew Alana was upset, yet he didn't think she'd be disturbed to the point of gossiping. Especially when he spoke about how private he wanted to be with his relationships.

"Did she only tell you?" Will wasn't embarrassed about people thinking he and Hannibal shared an intimate relationship, but he did care about Hannibal's privacy. He didn't want Hannibal to think their 'relationship developments' needed to be stopped due to others' perceptions of it.

"I don't exactly know, but I'm sure Alana wouldn't gossip to Jack if that's what you're worried about."

Their conversation was interrupted by a subtle knock on his door.

“ I need to go now, thanks for telling me about…whatever Alana was trying to do.”

“Holy shit, so she wasn’t lying about your date at 12 either?!”

Will groaned, of course Alana told her about that too.

“No, she was not…” Will was walking to his door, ready to open it as soon as he hung up the call.

“I’m rooting for you, Graham!” Will couldn’t help but smile at this, Beverly seemed to have pure enough intentions.

“Thanks for the support, I’ve got to go, bye…” Will hung up the phone, and opened the front door, ready for an experience.
♥♡♥

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I will try to update every Monday and Thursday
XoXo

Kisses

Chapter Summary

> Will and Hannibal’s date has a strong start, Will gets spoiled by Hannibal, and they kiss each other for the first time.

Chapter Notes

> (Sorry this chapter is a little shorter than usual, this is absolute fluff that I hope you'll all enjoy <3)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

♥♡♥

Will opened the door and felt his heart instantly skip a beat. There stood Hannibal Lecter wearing a light blue suit with light white grid patterns and a golden tie. In his right hand, he held what seemed like 50 purple flowers.
Hannibal noticed Will’s flustered reaction, it made him grin.

“Hey, sorry, I was on call with Beverly” said Will as he stepped out of his home.

“It's no trouble, Will,-“ Hannibal extended his hand and offered the flowers to Will.

“I didn't know if you enjoyed flowers, I hoped you’d like these”

Will grabbed the flowers with a soft smile on his face. He had just opened the door a minute ago, and this was already shaping up to be an amazing afternoon.

“They're wonderful, are they hyacinths?” Will expressed, gazing down at the lovely purple petals.

“Yes, they reminded me of our dynamic.”

Hyacinths represent peace, commitment and beauty, yet in addition they symbolize power and pride. Will couldn't see himself as any of these things separately, however they appeared to impeccably fit them.

“I feel severely underdressed, which I was expecting…” said Will as he peered toward the delicate tones that made up Hannibal's ensemble.

Will was currently wearing a gray sweater and khaki pants, along with some scruffy brown boots.

“Trust me, you’re dressed perfectly for the occasion.” Hannibal gently grabbed Will’s hand and started leading him to the shiny Bentley.

“What exactly are we doing on this occasion?” Will said, allowing himself to be led towards the passenger side by Hannibal.

“I want to surprise you, I hope you don't mind.” Hannibal opened the passenger door for Will.

“I don't mind, by any means.” Will was so excited, he felt like a schoolgirl going on her first date. He entered the vehicle, still holding onto the bundle of flowers, and allowed Hannibal to close the entryway for him. Today already felt like a pleasant dream.

♥♡♥

The ominous car ride was impeccable. It was filled with small conversation and small giggles. They were already far from Wolf Trap. They were driving in an area surrounded by the woods, Will had never been around here before.

“ I hope you aren’t driving me to your murder spot, Dr Lecter.” Said Will with a grin on his face, staring out the windows and into the wilderness.

“I thought you’d be familiar with such a natural area.” Said Hannibal, briefly taking his gaze away from the road and focusing it on Will instead.

“No, I have enough land by my home. I don't find the need to leave my area nowadays.” The air was slightly humid which differed from yesterday's cooler weather. It smelt like the essence of Spring.

Hannibal drove the car into a small gravel trail into the forest.

“What could we possibly have planned here?” Will's hair was tousled by the wind coming in from the car's opened windows.

“You’ll see in a moment.”

Hannibal kept driving down the pathway until they reached the very end of it. Hannibal left the car and opened Will's door, he reached his hand out for Will to take.

“I've prepared something for you, allow me to lead the way”

Will nodded and grabbed onto Hannibal's hand. He still held on to the flowers in his left hand. He loved them too much, he didn’t want to part with them yet. Hannibal led him further into the forest until they arrived at a waterfall. The sounds of the streaming water filled Will's consciousness. It was peaceful and constant…
Will averted his gaze from the water onto a picnic blanket laid out on the floor by the water. Beautiful dishes with light blue designs were laid on the blanket and filled with fruits,

Charcuterie, and pastry There was a weaved basket that held a wine bottle and two empty wine glasses.

“I thought a picnic here would be private enough, I know you don't enjoy crowds or being the center of attention.” Hannibal still held on to Will’s rough hand, unkempt due to the strenuous hobbies Will indulges in.

“Wow umm… I don't know what to say. How did you find this place?...”

“I own some small property near the area, I got lost on my way to it and stumbled upon this place.”

Will chuckled at the thought of Hannibal not having complete control over a situation, he was probably lying about finding this while lost. Will wondered how Hannibal really found it, but didn’t focus on it for long.

“Please, sit down with me” Hannibal led him and Will to sit on the blanket. Will laid the bouquet on the blanket beside him.

“I’ve been coming to this place ever since I stumbled upon it, I hope you're falling in love with its ambiance as much as I have…” Hannibal pulled Will's hand up to his lips and laid a soft kiss on it before letting go.

“I hope I’m not invading a space dear to you. I wouldn’t want my presence to stain your perception of such a beautiful place” Will said, as he leaned his head up to gaze up at the white clouds that loomed on top of them.

“The stains you leave on my life are better than anything I’ve ever experienced. Any memory with you in it will enhance a place’s value to me.” Hannibal started to open the bottle of aged wine.

“I didn’t know you were such a romantic Dr Lecter, I should’ve expected you to be as skilled in romance as you are at everything else…” Will pulled a flower out of the bouquet and brought it closer to his face, the pedals were beautiful and held a pleasant smell Will adored.

Will never saw himself as someone for ‘romantic antics’ but this date was showing him how much pleasure he got from being treated so gently. He felt adored and appreciated, but not in the way he was used to. Sure people were infatuated with the way his brain worked and appreciated his mind's antics, but this was something beyond that.

Hannibal poured wine into Will’s glass first, then into his own. Hannibal reached for a chocolate covered strawberry that was carefully placed on one of the blue detailed plates. He brought the plump strawberry up to Will's grinning lips.

Will looked at the strawberry and then back up at Hannibal, a blush crept onto Will's face as he slowly took a bite of the strawberry, wrapping his lips around the plump fruit, while he kept his eyes on Hannibal.

Hannibal took the top end of the strawberry away from Will's lip after Will took his bite of it. Will’s lips were dripping with the pink juice of the sugary fruit, Hannibal stared at the moist lips intensely, yearning for the ability to kiss the juices off him.

Hannibal's right hand tilted Will's chin up. Will felt the tension of the situation, a sensual tension.

“May I…” Hannibal said, looking into the light blueness of Will's eyes.

“Please…” Will felt so lost in the moment he couldn't be bothered to ponder over how fast things were going, he just wanted to enjoy this.

Hannibal moved his hand from Will's chin to his yaw, then inched it even closer to his own face;foreheads touching each other.

Then he leaned in softly and gently, allowing his well-kept lips to kiss Will’s slightly chapped mouth.

The kiss was slow and tender. Will sank into it seamlessly, allowing the touch of Hannibal's lips to be the only thing he thought about, but after a few seconds Hannibal pulled away with a delighted grin.

“I got you a gift…” Hannibal turned to the weaved basket and reached for a velvety blue jewelry box hidden inside the basket.

“I feel like I should’ve gotten you something, you’ve gotten me food and flowers already…” Will reached for the separated flower he forgot about as soon as Hannibal brought the chocolaty fruit up to his face.

“That kiss was a sufficient gift” Hannibal moved the mix towards Will.

“Please take it, I got it with you in mind. I wouldn't know what to do with it.”

Will sighed with a small smile on his face. He tucked a stray curl behind his ear and grabbed the box, carefully opening it.

Will saw two hair pins, one of gold and the other of medal. The top of the pins had realistically designed bees, the gold and medal bugs were bedazzled with yellow and black gems, with rubies laying on the bee's head.

“Hair pins?” Will said, gently picking the golden one up.

“I've seen the way your hair falls over your face, its messy nature is beautiful, but I thought you’d like to have a way to keep your hair out of the way while doing yard work and such.”

Hannibal looked at Will smiling as he inspected each gem on the golden bee's body.

“They're yellow and black diamonds, the red ones are sapphires…” Said Hannibal as he raised the wine glass up to his mouth, taking in its smell, then taking a delicate sip.

“I don't even want to imagine how much these are.” Said Will, still appreciating the pin’s design.

“Then don't, allow me to place them in your hair instead.”

Will giggled and handed Hannibal the pin. Then turned his back to Hannibal in order to give him access to the back of his hair.

Will had been allowing his hair to grow carelessly since his last haircut a few months ago. His hair would often fall over his face and stick to the back of his neck on hot spring days. So it was shaggy enough for Hannibal to neatly grab the sides of Will's hair and pin them on the back of his head.

“How does it look?” Will said looking over his shoulder and at Hannibal.

“Stunning, it compliments you perfectly…” Hannibal brushed the hair on Will's neck to the side and laid a small kiss on the back of his neck, delicate and soft.

“Tell me Hannibal, do you spoil all your dates?” Will leaned his head back into the lips that scattered kisses around his exposed skin.

“Only you Will, because you truly deserve it”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, I'll be back next Monday!

Shoes and Coats.

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal's date is interrupted by a phone call from Hannibals designer, asking to have Hannibal pick a suit up immediately, the days plans are shifted.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The date was everything Will could've hoped for. It was private, tender, and stress-free. Not once did he remind himself of his lingering problems like his stressful overwhelming job, his night terrors, or Alana's recent outburst. All those things left his memory as soon as he opened his door to Hannibal Lecter earlier that day. His mind could only think in the moment... A rare moment of peace he wasn't accustomed to.

So here he sat on a picnic blanket with Hannibal Lecter spreading kisses along his pale skin, with nothing but the sounds of a comforting waterfall filling his ears... That is, until the peace is broken by the sounds of a phone ringing, someone breaking into their shared tranquility through the noises of the obnoxious device.

Will sighed as Hannibal reached for his telephone.

"Sorry... I have to take this…" Hannibal muttered as he separated himself from Will, now sitting a few painful centimeters away.

"Hello Miss Komeda, is it ready so soon?..." Hannibal talked softly into the phone as Will preoccupied himself with eating a croissant from one of the beautiful plates.

"Can I not get it a few hours late?..." Hannibal got up from the blanket and walked slightly farther away where Will couldn't hear him but could still see him.

After a few more moments of Hannibal talking into the phone, he sighed, and hung up. He then walked to Will with a look of dread on his face.

"I'm so sorry, Will, I forgot I was scheduled to receive a new tailored suit today from a boutique I frequent. I'm afraid that if I don't pick it up now, I won't be able to pick it up until next month... The owner will be going on a business trip after today and won't be able to get it for me until then."

Will looked down at the floor and nodded, his hair kept back from falling over his face due to the elaborate pins. Today was great, he shouldn't sulk over it coming to an early end, but he couldn't help it. He really wanted to keep this date going.

“ Will, would you do me a favor and come with me to run this quick errand. I don't want our time together to end so soon, but I understand if running errands with me is something you're not willing to tolerate. I promised you a proper date and I haven’t fulfilled that promise.”

Will's eyes shot up from the ground.

“ This date has been perfect, it still is perfect…I wouldn't mind joining you if you allowed me to do so”

Will couldn't comprehend the words coming out of his mouth. He hated crowded shopping centers, and he doubts he’d enjoy the judgmental looks he’d get at a high-end boutique full of people who knew he didn't belong there, but the thought of the euphoric feeling this date has brought him prolonging made him want to endure the discomfort. Holy shit… He’s seriously falling for Dr Lecter…

Hannibal smiled.

“I’ll pack up and get us going then…”

♥♡♥

They entered a large modern building and were met by blinding white walls that went up to an unnecessarily high ceiling that held onto bright large chandeliers. There was a set of stairs leading to an upstairs...god knows why someone needed more space that the bottom floor couldn't provide. Clothing hangers wore stylish outfits on multiple large racks, aesthetically placed around the large space. Detailed shoes were displayed on glass box shelves. There were oddly shaped glass tables that held onto accessories without price tags, he was sure those who needed to see price tags couldn't afford anything in this place anyway...

Hannibal asked Will about his thoughts on high-end boutiques on the car ride. Will answered honestly and Hannibal reassured him the place would be nearly if not entirely empty, and that the owner, Miss Komeda, was a kind woman without a bad bone in her body. Will tried to take Hannibal's word for it, but his rampant anxiety got the best of him, doubt still lingered to say the least.

He didn't lie about the boutique's presumed vacancy, the place only had what seemed like a few busy workers walking around, rushing to get work done. Soon enough, an older woman wearing a floral patterned blazer and pen skirt walked over with a kind smile, her lips displaying a bright red lipstick.

“Hannibal Lecter, it's been too long!” The women came over and kissed both of Hannibal's cheeks.

“Miss Komeda please allow me to introduce you to someone dear to me, Will Graham” Miss Komeda looked at Will, quickly looking him up and down, and then smiled.

“Well aren’t you a handsome man, pleasure to meet you Mr Graham” She kissed both his cheeks.

“Pleasure is all mine.” Will said, it was the most polite thing he could think of.

“You’re lucky I had enough time to make that suit, two days isn't enough time to make the perfect suit, Dr Lecter.” She said with a playful tone.

“My apologies, Miss Komeda, it was urgent…” He said with a charming smile.

“You’re lucky I had enough time before my trip to get this done, I wouldn't usually do this for a client. Now follow me to my office, so you can critique the suit for yourself, Will, you wouldn't mind staying down here whilst I show Dr Lecter my work? I like to show my clients the product privately without outside influence.” She said, looking at Will with an apologetic smile.

“ I wouldn't mind at all”

“Will, you could look around for anything you’d like while I’m gone. I hope I’m not leaving you bored.”

“No, no I’m fine, take your time…” Will said without mentioning that he couldn’t afford a piece of lint from this place.

Hannibal nodded with a smile and followed Miss Komeda upstairs.

Will walked around the store without the intent to buy a thing for this place, he was sure there isn't enough money in his bank account to afford a pair of socks here.
Will walked around while his mind wandered with him. Why did Hannibal need an entirely new suit on such short notice?
Will stopped in front of a shoe display. They were all women’s heels, most of them were eccentric and bright...except for a pair of white simple heels. It was a silky shade of white that complimented the delicate gold insole of the heel. The heel was tall to Will's standards and thin. It was open toed and had a small strap to keep the shoe on whoever was willing to buy the masterpiece. On the back of the shoe and behind this strap was a silk white bow... Will was mesmerized. He lingered looking at its design until he realized how odd a man gawking at heels must look. Will did not usually desire feminine clothing, but those shoes were absolutely breathtaking. Will didn't think about the implications of that more than he had to, it's not like he was going to buy them anyway.

He walked away and aimlessly wondered again until something caught his eye again. It was a simple light brown turtleneck. It was simple and grungy, and would probably be something Will could wear in Spring and Winter, only in his wildest fantasies in which he has enough money to waste on designer turtlenecks. He doesn't like it as much as the heels, but he likes it nonetheless.

He’s startled by someone placing their hand on his back, placing it on his waist.

“Wha-“ Will said, turning around, until he saw a familiar face.

“...oh, you scared me.” Will said, now smiling.

“Sorry, Miss Komeda is doing some last second touch ups upstairs. I thought I’d come wait down here with you, she likes working on her own with no disruptions.”

Hannibal turned his gaze towards the brown cloth, Will lingered by.

“That is a stunning turtle-neck, it would suit you perfectly.” Said Hannibal getting closer to Will's side.

“ I’m sure it would suit someone who could actually afford it. I couldn't buy such an expensive thing in my wildest dreams. I’m sure it's more than my mortgage” Will said with a laugh.

Hannibal frowned at this.

“ You don't need to pay for it to have it.” Hannibal said, still focused on the turtleneck. Inspecting every small detail on it.

“What..?” Will’s brows furrowed, confusion flooding his mind.

A woman walked over to Hannibal and Will with a smile, she seemed to be one of the workers.

“Hello, could I help you gentlemen with anything today?” She wore a black button down with black slacks, she had thick brown bangs and a nicely done ponytail.

“Yes, I’d like to buy this turtleneck...and perhaps a coat that would compliment it nicely.” Hannibal said with his casual, charming grin.

Will's eyes widened.

“We have a great selection of coats to choose from, I can show you our coat display.” She smiled brighter, ready to make a sale.

“Please do.” Hannibal grabbed Will's hand and followed the young lady to the coat display.

“Hannibal, you can’t be serious. You aren’t actually going to buy it for me, right??”

“When am I not serious?” They still followed the woman around the large store, hands grasping on to each other as they walked at a fast pace to keep up with the eager women.

“Here we are!” She stood by 3 large racks of coats.

“We have a couple more displays, but I think the coats here are the best options for the garment you're interested in.”

“Thank you, could you give us a moment to look at the coats?” Hannibal was already touching some coats on the rack. Grazing his finger over the expensive fabrics.

She nodded her head and walked away, black platformed boots clicking on the floor.

“Hannibal, I can’t allow you to spend so much money on me, you’ve already given me a gift today. I don't even know how expensive those were…” Will sternly whispered.

“Twenty thousand dollars.” Hannibal said, without looking up from the coats.

“What..?”

“The hair pins were twenty thousand dollars...each.” Hannibal took a beige blazer out of the rack and placed it on his left hand.

“No...you're joking…” Will's mouth hung agape.

“Diamonds aren’t cheap, Will, and my taste isn't either. I wouldn't give you anything below by personal standards.”

“ I can’t keep them, Hannibal. It was a kind gesture, but I can’t let you give me 40 thousand dollar gifts.”

“You can and you will. Unless you have a valid explanation for refusing the gifts, perhaps they weren’t to your liking?” Hannibal took a brown leather coat out, inspected closely, and put it back with a discrete cringe at whatever had changed his mind on the coat.

“No, they are stunning, but that's too much money. I’d feel awful taking all that money from you.”

“You didn't take it, I gave it. If you gave them back, I'd have no use for them. I only got them with you in mind.” He took a large brown winter coat with a white fur trimmed hoodie out and put it in his left hand too.

“ Well then I can’t let you spend even more on me, I can’t allow it.” Will said, looking down at the floor guiltily.

“Will, do you think I’m irresponsible with my finances?”

Will's head shot up, his gaze shifting from the ground and onto Hannibal's unfazed expression.

“Of course not, I didn't mean to insinuate that.”

“Then you should trust that I’m not making investments I can’t afford. I have plenty of money, too much for a single person.I can afford to spoil you to my heart’s content.” Hannibal turned to look Will in the eyes.

“But... Why would you spoil me? What do you gain from that?” Will and Hannibal looked into each other’s eyes, holding intense eye contact.

“I already told you Will, it's because you deserve it.” Hannibal placed his hand on Will’s yaw, cupping it lightly before laying a tender kiss on Will’s lips.

The kiss was quick and comforting. It eased Will’s nerves.

“It’s only our first date, are you sure you want to do all these things for me? This first date is setting a high standard for the second date, Dr Lecter…” Will said in a mischievous tone, a grin now finding a place on his face.

“You should have astronomical standards Will, you should know your worth.” Hannibal smiled back at Will, pleased with the break in tension.

Hannibal gave Will another chaste kiss.

“I’m glad you’ve already made up your mind on having a second date with me…” Hannibal pulled away from Will's gaze and went back to looking at the coats.

“You’ve left a lasting impression, before and during this date.”

Hannibal pulled a light beige overcoat out of the rack and turned back to look at Will.

“Try on the turtleneck and then try each of the coats with it, Ms Komeda has a few dressing rooms upstairs.”

_____

Will obliged. He tried on the turtle-neck and each of the coats in a small but glamorous dressing room on the upstairs level. Hannibal was visibly pleased the whole time, looking at Will with undivided attention every time he stepped out of the dressing room.

They had seen all the coats on Will and were now trying to decide which looked best. They were conflicted between the hooded winter coat with a fur trim and the beige overcoat Hannibal picked out last. Hannibal had entered the dressing room to get another close look at the coats along with Will.

“I think they both suit you perfectly, any choice you make would be correct” Hannibal said, touching the fur on the hooded coat.

“ I can’t choose either, I didn’t think I’d like them so much…” Will said with a frustrated grown, shopping with Hannibal was hard compared to the way Will would grab the most efficient thing on a chain store's rack and call it a day.

A charming but conniving smile appeared on Hannibals face before he said-

“Why not get both?”

Chapter End Notes

Hello <3
Last chapter I mentioned some bee hair pins Hannibal gifted Will and managed to forget to put a picture of the hair pins I was referring to, but I fixed it and edited the chapter so I could place the picture at the end of the chapter. If any of you are interest in the way the hair pins look, you could check out on the end of chapter 4.

Anyway, thanks for reading and as always feedback is always welcomed!! <333

Granola Monday’s

Chapter Summary

Will and Beverly start to develop their friendship during Will’s lunch break.
(!Chapter is mostly dialogue!)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

♥♡♥

Hannibal's hands were steady on the steering wheel, the car's headlights illuminated the night and allowed him to see the clear road ahead. Hannibal felt himself smile as he recalled his day. He had just dropped Will off at his home in wolf trap a couple of moments ago. He remembered helping Will with the three large shopping bags as Will opened his front door. How Will stalled by the door, thanking Hannibal for the afternoon, and then softly kissing Will goodbye. The day had gone perfectly.

Hannibal Lecter is a calculated man. He doesn't make mistakes easily, and he doesn't forget appointments easily.

The night Will slept in Hannibal's home was the night Hannibal realized where he wanted his relationship with Will to go. He planned the date out that same night. He called Ms Komeda and graciously asked her to make him a last minute piece he could pick up in two days. Ms Komeda sees Hannibal as a dear acquaintance,, so he expected her to agree. He would ask Will on a date the next day and then have the date be interrupted by Miss Komeda.

Taking Will to Miss Komedas boutique would give Hannibal another excuse to buy something for Will. It all went according to that plan. He got another chance to spoil Will and hoped to get many more later. Will looked gorgeous in everything he wore. The tight turtleneck showcased Will's lean but slim frame perfectly, while each coat engulfed Will in comfort.

He remembered how Miss Komeda had asked him to leave her to work in her office. He seamlessly obliged, and when he looked down those stairs he saw Will, staring longingly at a pair of simple heels. Furthermore, he stayed on top of those stairs, stealthily watching Will, not wanting to disturb the seamless beauty that walked around the large space so gracefully.

The way those shoes mesmerized and held Will's gaze made Hannibal think of a future purchase.

♥♡♥

Will is looking over case files in his vacant classroom. Another Monday meant another haunting case being pushed toward him, courtesy of Jack Crawford. He put his hand up to his aching forehead. He was starting to gain a migraine, and working through his lunch period isn't helping.Will hears the door of his classroom open, and he looks up to see Beverly Katz entering the place without hesitation.

“Hey, Will, mind if I have lunch with you?” Beverly said, holding up a brown paper bag which presumably carried her lunch. Will wasn't usually in a socializing mood and today wasn't an exemption, but he did need something to take his mind off the load of work.

“Uh, sure, I’m not really eating though.” He said, pushing the files aside and putting them in his desk drawer.

“What? Who skips out on lunch?” She says, grabbing one of the students chair and putting it in front of Will's desk instead.

“I do.” Will said with a shrug.

Beverly opened her brown lunch bag and grabbed a slim granola bar out of it. With a smile, she said-

“Here, at least eat that” She slid the granola bar across the desk and towards Will.

“ I’m fine, really.” Will said, pushing the granola bar. Beverly rolled her eyes with a smile.

“Yea, I wonder what your boyfriend would say about you skipping meals.” She says, sliding the granola bar towards Will again, persistently.

“He’s not my ‘boyfriend’ “ Will took the granola bar without further protest and started to unwrap it.

“If you aren’t boyfriends, then what are you?” Beverly took a sandwich out of her brown paper bag. It seemed like a simple ham sandwich stored in a clear ziplock bag.

Will stopped in the middle of unwrapping the granola bar to concentrate on his train of thought instead. What could he label his and Hannibal's relationship?...
They have known each other for a couple of months and have delved into more romantic situations lately. They had an extraordinary first date and kissed multiple times during the appraised date. So what does that mean for them?...

“I don't know, we are far from Platonic, that's for certain.” Will continued to unwrap the granola.

“Well do you enjoy your time with him?” Beverly said, genuinely interested.

“Yea I do. Being around him is really easy. I dont overthink or filter myself around him because he’s so understanding of everything I do.” Will said, flushed due to recollecting memories of conversations with Hannibal.

Will kept going.

“Conversation flows easily and my empathy hasn’t scared him off yet. He’s somehow interested in me and I’m interested in him. I think what we have going on is special, or at least special compared to every relationship I’ve been in, platonic or not.”

Will didnt know why he was being so honest. Beverly didn't ask for details and he’s sure she’d understand if he felt like withholding some information about his love life from her...But he didn't want to lie, not about how he felt towards Hannibal, his feelings were growing too strong to lie about ,even if he wanted to.

“Awww grahams in love.” She says with a content smile

“I don't know about that yet. I don't know what to label what I’m feeling, I’m not sure I truly comprehend the feelings I’m gaining yet...I don't know what I’d label us at all , to be honest”

“Would you like to be ‘boyfriends’” Beverly said with food in her mouth.

“Isn't it too soon for me to say I want to be his boyfriend? We’ve only gone on one date.”

Beverly's brows shot up at this.

“Right, I forgot to ask you about your date!” Beverly said with a giddy grin.

“ Was it as sensual as Alana made it out to be?” Bev said, wiggling her eyebrows.

Will smiled at this.

“Alana made it out to be sensual?...” Will said, crooking his head to the side with a smirk.

“You're dodging the question!” Beverly took a bite of her sandwich, still smiling.

Will rolled his eyes with a smile.

“I don't know... Kinda?” Will said with a shrug.

Beverly raised an eyebrow as a clear indication to get Will to keep going.

“We kissed a bit...a lot, but not enough for the date to be considered sensual…” Will took a slow bite of the granola bar. He wasn't used to being interrogated about his love life. He wasn't used to having a love life in general.

What surprised him was the fact that he didn't mind discussing his love life with Beverly. She didn't judge a lot and was fun enough to be around.

“Well, what did you guys do?” Bev said with another mouthful.

“Well, we had a small picnic in a forest, and then we went shopping, and that was about it.”

Beverly's smile widened.

“Is that where you got those clothes from? I wasn't going to mention it, but you look fancy today…”

Will's eyes widened a bit, he had completely forgotten what he was wearing. He wore the tight brown turtleneck and the beige overcoat. His hair was pinned away from his face in the same way Hannibal pinned it before, just a bit messier.

“Not to be a bitch, but how did you afford those clothes on a teacher's salary? I couldn't even afford something like that.” Beverly said, raising her brows dramatically.

“I can’t afford these on a teacher's salary…” Will said nonchalantly, biting into the granola bar again.

Beverly’s yaw dropped.

“No fucking way… Hannibal bought you fancy ass clothes?!” Beverly said in mock horror.

“And you let him!” She said laughing.

“You let Hannibal Lecter buy YOU, Will Graham, fancy ass clothes?!” Her smile was wide and bright as Will blushed, looking down at the floor with an awkward grin.

“It just kinda happened, I didn’t intend for him to buy me anything and I didn’t ask him to do it either. I tried to stop him, but he was persistent.” Will explained with a shrug.

“Damm, I wish someone was persistent to spend a small fortune on me…” Beverly mumbled, looking down at her sandwich with a comedic pout.

“So he's not your boyfriend…he’s your sugar daddy” Beverly claimed with a suggestive tone.

Will let an amused chuckle out.

“How did you get a sugar daddy before me, Graham!” She said playfully, smacking Will's shoulder.

“I did not! It’s not like that!” He protested, still chuckling, but also flushed.

“Ok Graham, don’t let Alana know, she’ll be so angry that smoke will be coming out of her ears.”

“ ‘Ha Ha’ very funny” Will said with an amused eye roll.

“I’m serious, she’s been unpredictable lately. I don't know why she’s so interested in your love life.”

“I wish I knew, Hannibal said it's because she’s into me. I kinda believe it, but I can’t understand why she would. Plus it came out of nowhere, not long ago she would avoid being alone in a room with me.” He said with a sigh.

“Is it that hard to believe that people find you attractive? You’re not ugly, Graham.” She says before taking one of the last bites of the ham sandwich.

“No, no, I’m not ugly, I know that.”

Will paused and looked away from Beverly's curious gaze, the eye contact was starting to become overwhelming.

"My personality isn't desirable, who wants to date an anti-social empath?" He said, looking down at the now empty granola bar wrapper.

"Apparently Hannibal and Alana are interested in dating an anti-social empath, something about you must be desirable to others whether you believe it or not" Beverly explained eloquently, not a single stutter or stammer could be heard in her voice.

Then Will heard the school's bell indicating the end of the break period.

"Oh, sorry, I took up all your lunch period. I didn't realize I had been here for so long." Beverly mumbled, knowing Will's anti-social nature doesn't make him crave the company she provided for him.

"No, no I actually enjoyed the company for once. It was nice talking to you." Will was starting to take things out of his desk drawers and place them on top of his wooden desk.

Beverly smiled.

"Maybe next time we hang out we can go out for drinks, if this experience was tolerable enough?"

Will smirked and nodded.

"Yea, I'd like that."

"Great, I'll see you later Graham, keep me updated on your 'not boyfriend' " She loudly claimed while dramatically making quotation mark symbols with her hands.

She then left his room and students started pouring into class and taking their seats. Prompting Will to start his lesson.
♥♡♥

Chapter End Notes

Hi, sorry I know this chapter is a bit shorter than usual, but I hope that didn't keep you from enjoying it.
I think I'll be going on a short break next week. I think I'm starting to get slightly worn out because Ive been getting heavy loads of schoolwork, but I think a break would help me recollect myself and allow me to provide you guys with better content. Don't worry I'm not going to abandon this fic or anything like that, I'm having a lot of fun writing it and reading your comments. I'll just be taking next week off and will go back to my normal Monday and Thursday schedule after that :)
I hope you've enjoyed this chapter and feedback is always appreciated!

Ill be back on the 9th of May, don’t forget me and stay tuned!(:

Specific’s

Chapter Summary

Will revives another gift from Dr Hannibal Lecter in the middle of one of their ‘sessions’

Chapter Notes

Glad to be back with another chapter, I hope this was worth the wait <3

Will sat in Hannibal Lecter's waiting room. This time he wasn't drenched in rain water and shivering in the cold of the doctor's office. They had another ‘session’ scheduled today. He and Hannibal going on dates and then returning to their unofficial therapy sessions was probably unethical, but these sessions weren’t official anyway.

Hannibal opens his office door and says goodbye to the patient he had been in a session with for the last hour. Hannibal turned his gaze to Will and smiled as the patient left.

“Hello, Will, it's nice to see you dry and on time.” Hannibal says with a smug smile.

Will smiled and made his way towards Hannibal.

“Yea, it was nice being driven to your office instead of walking.” Will let himself into the office and placed his coat and jacket on the sofa near the two leather chairs they usually talked in.

“Driven?” Hannibal said as he made his way to his seat.

“Yea, I have to get ubers to drive me around now... I got a towing company to pick up my car and take it back to my house. I've been working on the car for the past few days to no avail.” Will sat down too, in front of Hannibal's intense but welcomed gaze.

“Why not get a new car?” Dr Lecter expressed with a quirked brow.

Will let out a small laugh.

“Believe it or not, Dr. Lecter, not all of us are as wealthy as you, and can buy a car whenever they wish.”

Hannibal's quirked brow was now accompanied by a small, lopsided grin.

“And no, that is not an invitation for you to buy me a new car.” Will stated as he playfully rolled his eyes.

“ I’m glad you assumed that I would suggest such a thing.”

“Sorry-... yea that was a stupid assumption-“ Will said slightly flushed.

“It wasn't stupid…” Hannibal said with a smile.

“I did get you something, though.” Hannibal got up from the seat and made his way to his oak desk.

Will quirked a curious brow at this.

“Something else?” Will said with confusion, “You’ve already given me more than enough.” Will said with a laugh.

“Giving you thing's brings me nothing but joy, Will. Don't think you coming into my office wearing the ensemble I picked for you didn't bring me satisfaction... You look stunning, contributing to your beauty is a privilege” Hannibal grabbed a box from under his desk. It was wrapped in plain white wrapping paper with a golden bow on top, it was adorably endearing.

“Please take it without reluctance...I got it with only you in mind, and it would break my heart if you declined a gift from me without even seeing it yet.”

Will sighed and grabbed the package.

“Thank you,” Will said with a smile.

“Don't thank me until you’ve opened it, darling.”

Wills smile grew.

Hannibal sat back in his seat as Will gently unwrapped the thick paper after delicately undoing the golden bow.

He then saw the label of Miss Komedas boutique on top of the unwrapped white box. He opened it with anticipation and let a small gasp out when he saw what was inside.

The heels, the ones he blatantly gawked at when he thought no one was looking. Those heels were being given to him by Hannibal Lecter.

“I saw you looking at them in the store, they seemed to really grab your attention.”

“Is this your awful way of telling me it's weird to look at women’s shoes so intensely, because in case you were wondering, I came to that conclusion on my own.” Will said, embarrassed and flustered.

“Of course not. It isn't weird. Shoes don't come with gender labels, the only thing that matters is if you enjoy what you wear, and you seemed to enjoy something about those shoes” Hannibal wore a Stoic expression, letting no opinions he held to be exposed by his demeanor.

“ So you don't think it's weird that I hypothetically want to wear heels?” Will said with furrowed brows.

“No, I actually think they’d look perfect on you... If it doesn't make you uncomfortable, feel free to try them on. I’d love to see them on you, darling”

Will nodded with a sad smile and tried them on. Taking off his dress shoes and instead sliding his feet into the golden interior of the presumably expensive heels. Once he got both feet in, he stood.

“Oh god, I feel freakishly tall” Will said with a laugh.

The shoes didn't exactly match what he was wearing, and he wasn’t used to standing on the heels, and god forbid walking in them. Hannibal stood up and grabbed one of Will's hands.

“You look breathtaking, try walking in them... I’ll keep you from falling.”

Will nodded with a smile and let Hannibal slowly lead the way towards one of the two windows in Hannibal's office.

The heels made a satisfying clack against the floor that satisfied Will's ears. They made it to the window in one piece, no broken ankles.

“ I can’t believe you bought me shoes I can’t even walk in, I’m so sorry.” Will said with an awkward laugh.

“You’ll get used to them...plus, I already said I enjoy seeing you in nice things you enjoy. No need to apologize for granting me the pleasure to do so.”

Will rolled his eyes with faked annoyance. Why was this man so fucking perfect?

Hannibal placed his warm palm on the back of Will's slim pale neck. He leaned in and met Will's chapped rough lips with his soft, perfectly moist lips. Their lips perfectly sank into each other. It was soft and gentle yet sensual and deep... Lips now move back and forth with each other.

Will's leg slightly wobbled to the side.

“S-shit, um...maybe we should go sit down.” Will said with a nervous laugh.

Hannibal nodded and brought Will back to the safety of the leather chairs.

“Could I ask you something.” Hannibal didn't sit down, he made his way towards a cabinet near his desk.

“As long as you don't ask me if you're allowed to buy me the rest of Ms Komeda's store.” Will said in a playful tone.

Hannibal grinned.

“I was going to ask if you’d allow me to drive you around while you fix your car. I would’ve offered to buy you a car if you hadn’t made it clear that you’d decline the offer.”

Will laughed as he undid the heels straps.

Hannibal grabbed a bottle of wine from the cabinet, along with two wine glasses.

He made his way back to Will with two filled wine glasses on hand. He extended a glass out for Will to take.

“Thank you.” Will mumbled with a small grin as he took the glass from Dr Lecter.

“Wouldn't driving me around take up too much of your time? You do have a job after all.” Will drank the dark liquid slowly.

“I could drive you to work in the mornings and then come into work after. I could pick you up after my last patient and instead of coming back here to talk, we could go elsewhere.” Hannibal sat back in his seat.

Hannibal taking Will to work was perfect. It would give them more time to spend in each other's company, and Hannibal couldn't ask for much more than that.

“ Really? You wouldn't mind taking our sessions outside your office?”

“We’ve traveled outside the professional realm, and I think having conversations strictly in my office is unnecessary. I consider us to be much more than colleagues, so I wouldn't want to subject you to the treatment of my colleagues or patients...you are more than that.”

Will's mouth was slightly agape, shocked at the subtle but effective forwardness.

“Frankly, leaving my office to come back for another hour and then leave again to drive you home would be a waste of gas.” Hannibal said with a slight shrug.

Will laughed.

Hannibal Lecter subtly confirming that their relationship stood outside Platonic territory gave Will a boost of confidence.

“Tell me, Dr Lecter... If I’m obviously not your patient or colleague...what am I?...and don't say I’m your friend because we all know that isn't what this is”

Hannibal's eyes discretely widened at Will's sudden confidence. Will said it so confidently and flirtatiously, it was completely unexpected.

“What category do you think our relationship falls under? You seem to have a detailed idea of what you think it is.” Hannibal expressed with a smile.

Will playfully rolled his eyes and got up, he walked closer to Hannibal and stood in front of him. Hannibal looked up at Will, who was now towering over him.

“ We are whatever you want us to be, Dr Lecter.”

Will leaned down and pressed a soft kiss on Hannibal Lecters lips. The kiss was gentle and undeniably loving. Will pulled back from the kiss.

“So hurry up and tell me, Dr Lecter…what do you want us to be?” Will raised his hand up to Hannibal's cheek, placing his cold palm on the sharp bone structure.

Hannibal didn’t know what to say, and that wasn’t because he didn’t know what he wanted… He obviously knew his own desires. But how would he tell Will that he wants him to be his? How could he express to Will the desire to call Will his and his alone?

Will leaned down once again, kissing Hannibal more harshly this time.

“Please tell me…I need to know where we stand, specifically. No more metaphors, nothing to be left up to assumptions.”

Will didn’t know what these feelings were. He knew that he enjoyed Hannibal's presence, the conversations they held together, and Hannibal's soft lips tickling his skin as they shared a romantic experience by the waterfall… But he didn’t know what he could label that.

It felt like it was too soon to be labeled boyfriends, and partners sounded oddly insignificant compared to the instantaneous bond they shared.

He knew one thing and one thing only… They were way more than friends…but Will wanted to know what Hannibal viewed this as…what Hannibal wanted this to be.

So here Will gave Hannibal Lecter the opportunity to truly express what he viewed them as. Gave him the power to label this whatever he wanted it to be.

“I wish I truly knew what to label us... You are intriguing and gorgeous. Everything about you has mesmerized and enamored me intensely. I know that what I feel for you, Will, is deep and definitely romantic. But I’d rather let the labels come with time. I want you to be confident in what you want us to be, and forcing labels upon us isn’t necessary…”

Hannibal paused and took a second to look at Will's soft expression before continuing-

“ We specifically stand in the romantic realm.”

Will leaned down with a smile, and this time placed a kiss on Hannibal's forehead.

“If I asked nicely, would you make me dinner tonight at your place. It seems like our hour is already up.

Hannibal turned his gaze to the clock on the wall. Will was right, it was 8:55, and he could see how much darker the night sky had gotten outside his windows.

“Yes, but only if you asked nicely.” Hannibal still gazed up into Will's breathtaking eyes.

Will let out an amused laugh.

“Hannibal, would you do me the pleasure of taking me to your home and cooking me an overwhelmingly elaborate meal?” Will said with a smile.

“I’d be honored.”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!